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Pearson Edexcel
Level 3 GCE

Centre Number

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Candidate Number

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English Language and Literature
Advanced Subsidiary
Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Wednesday 16 May 2018 – Morning
Time: 1 hour 30 minutes

Paper Reference

8EL0/02

You must have:

Source Booklet (enclosed)
Prescribed texts (clean copies)

Total Marks

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Instructions

- Use black ink or ball-point pen.
- Fill in the boxes at the top of this page with your name, centre number and candidate number.
- Answer **one** question on **one text** in Section A and **one** question on your **second text** in Section B. You must choose the **same theme** in both sections.
- Answer the questions in the spaces provided
– there may be more space than you need.

Information

- The total mark for this paper is 50.
- The marks for **each** question are shown in brackets
– use this as a guide as to how much time to spend on each question.

Advice

- Read each question carefully before you start to answer it.
- Check your answers if you have time at the end.

Turn over ►

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SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extract

Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

1 *The Great Gatsby*, F Scott Fitzgerald

Read the extract on pages 4 and 5 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Nick finds himself as Gatsby's solitary representative after his death.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Fitzgerald's use of linguistic and literary features
- how Gatsby's isolation is significant to the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 1 = 25 marks)

OR

2 *Great Expectations*, Charles Dickens

Read the extract on page 6 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Pip struggles to save Miss Havisham during the fire.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Dickens' use of linguistic and literary features
- how the attempts of individuals to control the behaviour of others is presented throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 2 = 25 marks)

OR

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Theme: Love and Loss

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

3 *A Single Man*, Christopher Isherwood

Read the extract on pages 7 and 8 of the source booklet.

In this extract, George and Charley are discussing their future.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Isherwood's use of linguistic and literary features
- how Isherwood explores the importance of George's friendships in the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 3 = 25 marks)

OR

4 *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, Thomas Hardy

Read the extract on page 9 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Tess experiences conflicting feelings about Angel's proposal of marriage.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Hardy's use of linguistic and literary features
- how Tess' indecisiveness is significant to the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 4 = 25 marks)

OR

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Theme: Encounters

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

5 *A Room with a View*, E M Forster

Read the extract on pages 10 and 11 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Lucy and Charlotte exchange correspondence concerning the Emersons.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Forster's use of linguistic and literary features
- how differing views on the Emersons' behaviour are presented by Forster throughout the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 5 = 25 marks)

OR

6 *Wuthering Heights*, Emily Brontë

Read the extract on pages 12 and 13 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Lockwood encounters Catherine for the first time.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Brontë's use of linguistic and literary features
- how Lockwood's perception of social roles is important within the novel
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 6 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Answer ONE question on your chosen text. (You must choose a different text in Section B).

Begin your answer on page 6.

EITHER

7 *Wide Sargasso Sea*, Jean Rhys

Read the extract on page 14 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Antoinette is contemplating the restrictions of her new environment.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Rhys' use of linguistic and literary features
- how this episode reflects the impact of isolation in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 7 = 25 marks)

OR

8 *Dracula*, Bram Stoker

Read the extract on page 15 of the source booklet.

In this extract, Jonathan Harker is unsettled whilst travelling to Dracula's castle.

With reference to the extract above, discuss:

- Stoker's use of linguistic and literary features
- how animals and their behaviour are used to indicate a boundary has been or will be crossed in the novel as a whole
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 8 = 25 marks)



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TOTAL FOR SECTION A = 25 MARKS



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SECTION B: Exploring Text and Theme

Theme: Society and the Individual

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in SECTION A.

Begin your answer on page 18.

Anchor texts

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

Other texts

The Bone People, Keri Hulme

Othello, William Shakespeare

A Raisin in the Sun, Lorraine Hansberry

The Wife of Bath's Prologue and Tale, Geoffrey Chaucer

The Whitsun Weddings, Philip Larkin

- 9** Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the significance of possessions to individuals.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 9 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Love and Loss

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in SECTION A.

Begin your answer on page 18.

Anchor texts

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

Other texts

Enduring Love, Ian McEwan
Much Ado About Nothing, William Shakespeare
Betrayal, Harold Pinter
Metaphysical Poetry, editor Colin Burrow
Sylvia Plath Selected Poems, Sylvia Plath

10 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents feelings of discontent arising from experiences of love and loss.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 10 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Encounters

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in SECTION A.

Begin your answer on page 18.

Anchor texts

A Room with a View, E M Forster
Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

Other texts

The Bloody Chamber, Angela Carter
Hamlet, William Shakespeare
Rock 'N' Roll, Tom Stoppard
The Waste Land and Other Poems, T S Eliot
The New Penguin Book of Romantic Poetry, editor J Wordsworth

11 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents the influence of social status on encounters.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 11 = 25 marks)

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Theme: Crossing Boundaries

Answer ONE question on the second text you have studied. You must NOT write about the same text you chose in SECTION A.

Begin your answer on page 18.

Anchor texts

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

Dracula, Bram Stoker

Other texts

The Lowland, Jhumpa Lahiri

Twelfth Night, William Shakespeare

Oleanna, David Mamet

Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress, and Other Poems, Christina Rossetti

North, Seamus Heaney

12 Discuss how the writer of your other studied text presents characters who experience feelings of betrayal due to crossing boundaries.

In your answer you must consider:

- the writer's use of linguistic and literary features
- relevant contextual factors.

(Total for Question 12 = 25 marks)

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Indicate which question you are answering by marking a cross . If you change your mind, put a line through the box and then indicate your new question with a cross .

Chosen question number: **Question 9** **Question 10**

Question 11 **Question 12**

From your studied theme:

Please write the name of the text you chose for Section A:

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Please write the name of the text you have chosen for Section B:

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TOTAL FOR SECTION B = 25 MARKS
TOTAL FOR PAPER = 50 MARKS



Pearson Edexcel Level 3 GCE

English Language and Literature Advanced Subsidiary Paper 2: Varieties in Language and Literature

Wednesday 16 May 2018 – Morning
Source Booklet

Paper Reference
8EL0/02

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SECTION A: Prose Fiction Extracts

Society and the Individual

The Great Gatsby, F Scott Fitzgerald

After two years I remember the rest of that day, and that night and the next day, only as an endless drill of police and photographers and newspaper men in and out of Gatsby's front door. A rope stretched across the main gate and a policeman by it kept out the curious, but little boys soon discovered that they could enter through my yard, and there were always a few of them clustered open-mouthed about the pool. Someone with a positive manner, perhaps a detective, used the expression 'madman' as he bent over Wilson's body that afternoon, and the adventitious authority of his voice set the key for the newspaper reports the next morning.

Most of those reports were a nightmare – grotesque, circumstantial, eager, and untrue. When Michaelis's testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson's suspicions of his wife I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in a racy pasquinade – but Catherine, who might have said anything, didn't say a word. She showed a surprising amount of character about it too – looked at the corner with determined eyes under that corrected brow of hers, and swore that her sister had never seen Gatsby, that her sister was completely happy with her husband, that her sister had been into no mischief whatever. She convinced herself of it, and cried into her handkerchief, as if the very suggestion was more than she could endure. So Wilson was reduced to a man 'deranged by grief' in order that the case might remain in its simplest form. And it rested there.

But all this part of it seemed remote and unessential. I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone. From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg village, every surmise about him, and every practical question, was referred to me. At first I was surprised and confused; then, as he lay in his house and didn't move or breathe or speak, hour upon hour, it grew upon me that I was responsible, because no one else was interested – interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which everyone has some vague right at the end.

I called up Daisy half an hour after we found him, called her instinctively and without hesitation. But she and Tom had gone away early that afternoon, and taken baggage with them.

'Left no address?'

'No.'

'Say when they'd be back?'

'No.'

'Any idea where they are? How I could reach them?'

'I don't know. Can't say.'

I wanted to get somebody for him. I wanted to go into the room where he lay and reassure him: 'I'll get somebody for you, Gatsby. Don't worry. Just trust me and I'll get somebody for you –'

Meyer Wolfsheim's name wasn't in the phone book. The butler gave me his office address on Broadway, and I called Information, but by the time I had the number it was long after five, and no one answered the phone.

'Will you ring again?'

'I've rung three times.'

'It's very important.'

'Sorry. I'm afraid no one's there.'

From pp. 155–156

Society and the Individual

Great Expectations, Charles Dickens

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away, I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. That I got them off, closed with her, threw her down, and got them over her; that I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down the heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her, the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not through anything I felt, or thought, or knew I did. I knew nothing until I knew that we were on the floor by the great table, and that patches of tinder yet alight were floating in the smoky air, which a moment ago had been her faded bridal dress.

Then, I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape; and I doubt if I even knew who she was, or why we had struggled, or that she had been in flames, or that the flames were out, until I saw the patches of tinder that had been her garments, no longer alight, but falling in a black shower around us.

She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved, or even touched. Assistance was sent for, and I held her until it came, as if I unreasonably fancied (I think I did) that if I let her go, the fire would break out again and consume her. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burnt; for I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious hurts, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay mainly in the nervous shock. By the surgeon's directions, her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table, which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again, an hour afterwards, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and had heard her say she would lie one day.

Though every vestige of her dress was burnt, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance; for, they had covered her to the throat with white-cotton wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely over-lying that, the phantom air of something that had been and was changed was still upon her.

From pp. 380–381

Love and Loss

A Single Man, Christopher Isherwood

'Well, anyhow, just as you and I were getting into the car, Jim said something to me. Something I've never forgotten.... Did I ever tell you this?'

'I don't believe so.' (She has told him at least six times; always when very drunk.)

'He said to me, you two take care of each other.'

'He did?'

'Yes, he did. Those were his exact words. And, Geo, I believe he didn't just mean, take care. He meant something *more*—'

'What did he mean?'

'That was less than two months, wasn't it, before he left for Ohio.... I believe he said, *take care*, because he *knew*—'

Swaying a little, she regards him earnestly but dimly, as though she were peering up at him, fishlike, through all the liquor she has drunk. 'Do *you* believe that, Geo?'

'How can we tell what he knew, Charley? As for our taking care of each other, we can be certain he'd have wanted us to do that.' George puts his hands on her shoulders. 'So now let's both tell each other to get some sleep, shall we?'

'No, wait—' She's like a child, stalling off bedtime with questions. 'Do you suppose that pub is still for sale?'

'I expect so.... That's an idea! Why don't we buy it, Charley? What do you say? We could get drunk and earn money at the same time. That'd be more fun than living with Nan.'

'Oh, darling, how lovely! Do you suppose we really *could* buy it? No – you're not serious, are you? I can see you aren't. But don't ever say you aren't. Let's make plans about it, like you and Jim used to. He'd like us to make plans, wouldn't he?'

'Sure, he would.... Good night, Charley.'

'Good night, Geo, my love—' As they embrace, she kisses him full on the mouth. And suddenly sticks her tongue right in. She has done this before, often. It's one of those drunken longshots which just might, at least theoretically, once in ten thousand tries, throw a relationship right out of its orbit and send it whizzing off on another. Do women ever stop trying? No. But, because they never stop, they learn to be good losers. When, after a suitable pause, he begins to draw back, she doesn't attempt to cling to him. And now she accepts his going with no more resistance. He kisses her on the forehead. She is like a child who has at last submitted to being tucked into her cot.

'Sleep tight.'

George turns, swings open the house door, takes one stride and – OOPS! – very very nearly falls head first down the steps – all of them – oh, and unthinkably much farther – ten, fifty, one hundred million feet into the bottomless black night. Only his grip on the door handle saves him.

He turns groggily, with a punching heart, to grin back at Charlotte; but, luckily, she has wandered away off somewhere. She hasn't seen him do this asinine thing. Which is truly providential because, if she *had* seen him, she would have insisted on his staying the night; which would have meant, well, at the very least, such a late breakfast that it would have been brunch; which would have meant more drinks; which would have meant siesta and supper, and more and more and more drinks to follow....

From pp. 115–117

Love and Loss

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Thomas Hardy

He expressed assent in loving satire, looking into her face. 'My Tess has, no doubt, almost as many experiences as that wild convolvulus out there on the garden hedge, that opened itself this morning for the first time. Tell me anything, but don't use that wretched expression any more about not being worthy of me.'

'I will try – not! And I'll give you my reasons to-morrow – next week.'

'Say on Sunday?'

'Yes, on Sunday.'

At last she got away, and did not stop in her retreat till she was in the thicket of pollard willows at the lower side of the barton, where she could be quite unseen. Here Tess flung herself down upon the rustling undergrowth of spear-grass, as upon a bed, and remained crouching in palpitating misery broken by momentary shoots of joy, which her fears about the ending could not altogether suppress.

In reality, she was drifting into acquiescence. Every see-saw of her breath, every wave of her blood, every pulse singing in her ears, was a voice that joined with nature in revolt against her scrupulousness. Reckless, inconsiderate acceptance of him; to close with him at the altar, revealing nothing, and chancing discovery; to snatch ripe pleasure before the iron teeth of pain could have time to shut upon her: that was what love counselled; and in almost a terror of ecstasy Tess divined that, despite her many months of lonely self-chastisement, wrestlings, communings, schemes to lead a future of austere isolation, love's counsel would prevail.

The afternoon advanced, and still she remained among the willows. She heard the rattle of taking down the pails from the forked stands; the 'waow-waow!' which accompanied the getting together of the cows. But she did not go to the milking. They would see her agitation; and the dairyman, thinking the cause to be love alone, would good-naturedly tease her; and that harassment could not be borne.

Her lover must have guessed her overwrought state, and invented some excuse for her non-appearance, for no inquiries were made or calls given. At half-past six the sun settled down upon the levels, with the aspect of a great forge in the heavens, and presently a monstrous pumpkin-like moon arose on the other hand. The pollard willows, tortured out of their natural shape by incessant choppings, became spiny-haired monsters as they stood up against it. She went in, and upstairs without a light.

It was now Wednesday. Thursday came, and Angel looked thoughtfully at her from a distance, but intruded in no way upon her. The indoor milkmaids, Marian and the rest, seemed to guess that something definite was afoot, for they did not force any remarks upon her in the bedchamber. Friday passed; Saturday. To-morrow was the day.

'I shall give way – I shall say yes – I shall let myself marry him – I cannot help it!' she jealously panted, with her hot face to the pillow that night, on hearing one of the other girls sigh his name in her sleep. 'I can't bear to let anybody have him but me! Yet it is a wrong to him, and may kill him when he knows! O my heart – O – O – O!'

From pp. 208–210

Encounters

A Room with a View, E M Forster

A coolness had sprung up between the two cousins, and they had not corresponded since they parted in August. The coolness dated from what Charlotte would call 'the flight to Rome', and in Rome it had increased amazingly. For the companion who is merely uncongenial in the medieval world becomes exasperating in the classical. Charlotte, unselfish in the Forum, would have tried a sweeter temper than Lucy's, and once, in the Baths of Caracella, they had doubted whether they could continue their tour. Lucy had said she would join the Vyses – Mrs Vyse was an acquaintance of her mother, so there was no impropriety in the plan – and Miss Bartlett had replied that she was quite used to being abandoned suddenly. Finally nothing happened; but the coolness remained, and, for Lucy, was even increased when she opened the letter and read as follows. It had been forwarded from Windy Corner.

Tunbridge Wells,
September.

Dearest Lucia,

I have news of you at last! Miss Lavish has been bicycling in your parts, but was not sure whether a call would be welcome. Puncturing her tyre near Summer Street, and it being mended while she sat very woebegone in that pretty churchyard, she saw, to her astonishment, a door open opposite and the younger Emerson man come out. He said his father had just taken the house. He *said* he did not know that you lived in the neighbourhood (?). He never suggested giving Eleanor a cup of tea. Dear Lucy, I am much worried, and I advise you to make a clean breast of his past behaviour to your mother, Freddy and Mr Vyse, who will forbid him to enter the house, etc. That was a great misfortune, and I dare say you have told them already. Mr Vyse is so sensitive. I remember how I used to get on his nerves at Rome. I am very sorry about it all, and should not feel easy unless I warned you.

Believe me,

Your anxious and loving cousin,
Charlotte.

Lucy was much annoyed, and replied as follows:

Beauchamp Mansions, S.W.

Dear Charlotte,

Many thanks for your warning. When Mr Emerson forgot himself on the mountain, you made me promise not to tell mother, because you said she would blame you for not being always with me. I have kept that promise, and cannot possibly tell her now. I have said both to her and to Cecil that I met the Emersons at Florence, and that they are respectable people – which I *do* think – and the reason that he offered Miss Lavish no tea was probably that he had none himself. She should have tried at the Rectory. I cannot begin making a fuss at this stage. You must see that it would be too absurd. If the Emersons heard I had complained of them, they would think themselves of importance, which is exactly what they are not. I like the old father, and look forward to seeing him again. As for the son, I am sorry for *him* when we meet, rather than for myself. They are known to Cecil, who is very well, and spoke of you the other day. We expect to be married in January.

Miss Lavish cannot have told you much about me, for I am not at Windy Corner at all, but here. Please do not put 'Private' outside your envelope again. No one opens my letters.

Yours affectionately,
L.M. Honeychurch.

From pp. 124–126

Encounters

Wuthering Heights, Emily Brontë

The snow began to drive thickly. I seized the handle to essay another trial; when a young man, without coat, and shouldering a pitchfork, appeared in the yard behind. He hailed me to follow him, and, after marching through a wash-house, and a paved area containing a coal-shed, pump, and pigeon cote, we at length arrived in the large, warm, cheerful apartment, where I was formerly received.

It glowed delightfully in the radiance of an immense fire, compounded of coal, peat, and wood: and near the table, laid for a plentiful evening meal, I was pleased to observe the 'missis,' an individual whose existence I had never previously suspected.

I bowed and waited, thinking she would bid me take a seat. She looked at me, leaning back in her chair, and remained motionless and mute.

'Rough weather!' I remarked. 'I'm afraid, Mrs Heathcliff, the floor must bear the consequence of your servants' leisure attendance: I had hard work to make them hear me!'

She never opened her mouth. I stared – she stared also. At any rate, she kept her eyes on me, in a cool, regardless manner, exceedingly embarrassing and disagreeable.

'Sit down,' said the young man, gruffly. 'He'll be in soon.'

I obeyed; and hemmed, and called the villain Juno, who deigned, at this second interview, to move the extreme tip of her tail, in token of owning my acquaintance.

'A beautiful animal!' I commenced again. 'Do you intend parting with the little ones, madam?'

'They are not mine,' said the amiable hostess more repellingly than Heathcliff himself could have replied.

'Ah, your favourites are among these!' I continued, turning to an obscure cushion full of something like cats.

'A strange choice of favourites,' she observed scornfully.

Unluckily, it was a heap of dead rabbits – I hemmed once more, and drew closer to the hearth, repeating my comment on the wildness of the evening.

'You should not have come out,' she said, rising and reaching from the chimney-piece two of the painted canisters.

Her position before was sheltered from the light: now, I had a distinct view of her whole figure and countenance. She was slender, and apparently scarcely past girlhood: an admirable form, and the most exquisite little face that I have ever had the pleasure of beholding: small features, very fair; flaxen ringlets, or rather golden, hanging loose on her delicate neck; and eyes – had they been agreeable in expression, they would have been irresistible – fortunately for my susceptible heart, the only sentiment they evinced hovered between scorn and a kind of desperation, singularly unnatural to be detected there.

The canisters were almost out of her reach; I made a motion to aid her; she turned upon me as a miser might turn, if any one attempted to assist him in counting his gold.

'I don't want your help,' she snapped, 'I can get them for myself.'

'I beg your pardon,' I hastened to reply.

'Were you asked to tea?' she demanded, tying an apron over her neat black frock, and standing with a spoonful of the leaf poised over the pot.

'I shall be glad to have a cup,' I answered.

'Were you asked?' she repeated.

'No,' I said, half smiling. 'You are the proper person to ask me.'

From pp. 10–11

Crossing Boundaries

Wide Sargasso Sea, Jean Rhys

In this room I wake early and lie shivering for it is very cold. At last Grace Poole, the woman who looks after me, lights a fire with paper and sticks and lumps of coal. She kneels to blow it with bellows. The paper shrivels, the sticks crackle and spit, the coal smoulders and glowers. In the end flames shoot up and they are beautiful. I get out of bed and go close to watch them and to wonder why I have been brought here. For what reason? There must be a reason. What is it that I must do? When I first came I thought it would be for a day, two days, a week perhaps. I thought that when I saw him and spoke to him I would be wise as serpents, harmless as doves. 'I give you all I have freely,' I would say, 'and I will not trouble you again if you will let me go.' But he never came.

The woman Grace sleeps in my room. At night I sometimes see her sitting at the table counting money. She holds a gold piece in her hand and smiles. Then she puts it all into a little canvas bag with a drawstring and hangs the bag round her neck so that it is hidden in her dress. At first she used to look at me before she did this but I always pretended to be asleep, now she does not trouble about me. She drinks from a bottle on the table then she goes to bed, or puts her arms on the table, her head on her arms, and sleeps. But I lie watching the fire die out. When she is snoring I get up and I have tasted the drink without colour in the bottle. The first time I did this I wanted to spit it out but managed to swallow it. When I got back into bed I could remember more and think again. I was not so cold.

There is one window high up – you cannot see out of it. My bed had doors but they have been taken away. There is not much else in the room. Her bed, a black press, the table in the middle and two black chairs carved with fruit and flowers. They have high backs and no arms. The dressing-room is very small, the room next to this one is hung with tapestry. Looking at the tapestry one day I recognized my mother dressed in an evening gown but with bare feet. She looked away from me, over my head just as she used to do. I wouldn't tell Grace this. Her name oughtn't to be Grace. Names matter, like when he wouldn't call me Antoinette, and I saw Antoinette drifting out of the window with her scents, her pretty clothes and her looking-glass.

There is no looking-glass here and I don't know what I am like now. I remember watching myself brush my hair and how my eyes looked back at me. The girl I saw was myself yet not quite myself. Long ago when I was a child and very lonely I tried to kiss her. But the glass was between us – hard, cold and misted over with my breath. Now they have taken everything away. What am I doing in this place and who am I?

From pp. 116–117

Crossing Boundaries

Dracula, Bram Stoker

By-and-by, however, as I was curious to know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its flame looked at my watch; it was within a few minutes of midnight. This gave me a sort of shock, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I waited with a sick feeling of suspense.

Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the road – a long, agonized wailing, as if from fear. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then another and another, till, borne on the wind which now sighed softly through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to come from all over the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom of the night. At the first howl the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though after a run-away from sudden fright. Then, far off in the distance, from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and a sharper howling – that of wolves – which affected both the horses and myself in the same way – for I was minded to jump from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the horses so far became quiet that the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they still trembled. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. This time, after going to the far side of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right.

Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket. The keen wind still carried the howling of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we went on our way. The baying of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses shared my fear; but the driver was not in the least disturbed. He kept turning his head to left and right, but I could not see anything through the darkness.

From pp. 17–19

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<i>A Single Man</i>	Christopher Isherwood, Vintage (Random House), 2010
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<i>Wuthering Heights</i>	Emily Brontë (Public Domain Work), Penguin Classics, 2003
<i>A Room with a View</i>	E M Forster, Penguin (English Library), 2012
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